

Daily Eagle

H. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

Better Let Up on That Howl.

The Republican state convention, on Wednesday last, was organized on a compromise. The new boss combine believing, after a count of noses, that it was able to dominate the situation, held a caucus and named the officers for both the temporary and permanent organizations, and after having selected the committees, proceeded to nominate delegates and to do the entire "and-so-forth" thing. Unlooked-for disclosures later that night convincing the conspirators that should they attempt to carry out their drastic program they would meet defeat from a decided majority, they proposed a compromise. This compromise was adopted by the Stanley side out of no fear but in the interest of harmony. The convention after having proved true to the slated arrangement of the managers, and having then adjourned, was discovered that the state central committee selected makes it possible for the retention of Albaugh as chairman. While this would be entirely satisfactory to Stanley and to Leland, as also to Senator Baker, Congressman Long and the party generally, no doubt, such a possibility does not meet with the approbation of the new ring whose members had been led to believe that they had not only got the best end of the compromise, but by it had been made masters of the situation. They are now doing the double-headed howling act in great voice. They emphasize their cry of woe with the declaration that the retention of Albaugh is nothing short of the rankest Lelandism; that with Mori, Albaugh chairman the prolonged howl of the past three months does not amount to so much as a respectable squeak. And sure enough, when one comes to look the thing square in the face, what has the new ring scheme gained if all the friends of Leland, including Senator Baker, Eugene Stanley, Chester Long and the rest, are still to have a voice in the management of party affairs in the state? Evidently but very little. Not only must Mori, Albaugh and the others named subsist from prominent activity, and sooner or later step down and out, but all their supporters must become adherents of the usurpation if they are to expect any consideration at the hands of the promoters and pets of the new deal, who had too hastily concluded that they had secured not only the delegation to the national convention and named the presidential electors, but owned a majority of the state central committee.

Do Not Sympathize With the Strike.

It was given out that the people of St. Louis sympathize with the street car strikers and that hence the strike must win. That turns out to be a mistake. The business men of St. Louis do not believe that there is any just ground for the strike and are out in a printed manifesto to that effect. In the mean time a large number of the Kansas City strikers have gone down to St. Louis to take the places of the strikers. This will make more trouble. From the published statement signed by hundreds of business firms and men of St. Louis, we excerpt the following, which clearly indicates that the people of St. Louis do not believe the strike has any warrant in equity or reason:

"Knowing that public sentiment is the strongest factor in the proper adjustment of all differences in which the community is concerned, and with a sincere desire to do what is best for the interests of the striking railway employees, we take occasion to frankly express our opinion of the demands they have made, which, after a careful study of them, and our compulsion to say are so extreme and radical in their nature that in the long run their own interests would not be conserved by having them accepted. No business organization could be well and successfully managed upon the lines laid down, and the interests of employees could never be well protected by employers who in their operations were compelled to ignore fundamental business principles.

"Inasmuch as the belief may prevail that there is a sentiment upon the part of the business public in favor of the demands referred to, it is but fair to the striking employees to promptly dispel any such impression, so that if they are relying to any extent upon the supposed existence of such a sentiment among us to help them succeed, they may know it is a mistake, and a correct knowledge of our views may save them loss of money and possibly loss of their positions."

Possibility vs. Probability.

In spite of probabilities there are always possibilities in war. The probabilities for several weeks past have all been against the Boers. But there is still the possibility of a reversal of the situation arising out of the unexpected. Something in the way of an unlooked-for advantage or a situation not counted upon might perch victory upon the republican banner in South Africa. The Boers are said to have explained their failure to make a stand at Kroonstadt by the assertion that while their frontal position was practically impregnable, the enormous sweep of Roberts' great army and the tremendous force of his cavalry made a battle hopeless. Since the same theory would probably hold good at Pretoria, where Roberts is certain to be reinforced by Buller and his army, it begins to look as if the end of the war is approaching. It will be the inevitable crushing of a brave body by an overwhelming force, so the Boers, while whipped, will have nothing to be ashamed of.

London Squirms Over Boss Croker.

The Boer peace commission is with us, and now the American people are to hear the other side of the story which is on the side to which they have all along been holding. Even Dick Croker, who is almost as much of an Englishman as an American. The London Express demands that Englishmen ostracize Richard Croker for expressing sympathy for the Boers. This would be a crushing blow to Croker, who, it is well known, is happy only when in the circle of the Prince of Wales, a duke or two or a belted earl, and who has obtained all his notoriety simply by close and prolonged attendance on pink teas, green coffees and like society functions. Deprived in England of this means of expressing the finer side of his nature, he would probably wilt and die, were it not for the fact that if he is driven out of first-class baccarat circles because of his pro-Boer expressions he will perhaps be taken into the low grade of society in which Morley and Bryce and several scores of well known Englishmen are to be found, banished, as it is proposed to banish the Tammany boss, for believing that Britain is in small business in South Africa. However, if London succeeds in piercing the tough outside of Croker it will have done more than New York could do.

Postage Stamp Books Prove Popular.

The postoffice department is sending out the second supply of the books of postage stamps which have proved so popular. The first issue consisted of 2,000,000 books, which were distributed among the principal postoffices of the country and were all taken within a few hours of the time in which they were placed on sale. The supply at the Washington office was ordered one morning at 9 o'clock.

Before 12 it was entirely exhausted and the postmaster sent an urgent appeal by messenger for more. At Pittsburgh and Philadelphia the sales were quite as rapid.

The first issue, however, was an experiment, and the second, which is now being sent out, will show several improvements. In the first issue the stamps were separated by thin sheets of paraffine paper similar to that used by the telegraph companies for their books of franks; but there has been a great deal of complaint that when the books were placed in the pocket the heat of the body caused the stamps to adhere to the paper. The new issue will be supplied with sheets of tissue paper that have been boiled in linseed oil, and no stamp will stick to it unless it is wet. In making an investigation Assistant Postmaster General Madden found a man who had been carrying postage stamps between the same sheets of linseed-oil paper for seven years in all kinds of temperature, which suggested a series of tests and an adoption of that material.

Another innovation will be a change of colors on different sizes of books. Those containing 25 cents' worth will be in one color, those with 49 cents' worth of another, and those of 97 cents' worth of another, which will enable the postoffice clerks to distinguish them without being compelled to count the pages.

You May Fire, Gridley, When Ready.

Congress has at last opened its purse strings, in the matter of granting increase of pension to the widow of Captain Gridley, of the Olympia. Under a law a widow of a navy captain is entitled to but \$30 a month pension, but, in view of the merits of this particular case, Mrs. Gridley has been granted \$20 additional, making her total monthly pension \$50.

When one considers the splendor of the receptions to Admiral Dewey, the gifts of real estate, swords, loving cups and hundreds of other valuable tokens of esteem that have been fairly showered upon him, we are led to reflect how unevenly the goods of this world are divided, and how capricious are the smiles of Dame Fortune. Mrs. Gridley, in her widowhood, standing by the grave of her noble husband, who obeyed the order, "You may fire, Gridley, when you are ready," glad to receive for herself and her family, after two years of waiting, the paltry monthly allowance of \$50, is indeed a pathetic figure, and one sufficient to cause belief in the old proverb regarding the ingratitude of republics.

American Apples at Paris.

One of the most important exhibits that the United States has at the Paris fair is that of American fruits. Up to the present time several European governments have refused to permit the entry of products of our orchards, except under severe restrictions, to their markets, on the ground that they are impure and covered with vegetable vermin of various kinds. Germany, in particular, has been extremely harsh in her rulings against our fruits, as well as other food products, and it is to the present exhibition that our growers are looking with considerable hope for the breaking down of the prejudice against them.

Every section of the country is represented by an exhibit of some kind of fruit, but it is the American apple that queens it over all rivals. There is not a state having any importance as an apple grower that is not represented by at least 200 barrels of our product. Pennsylvania has a remarkably fine exhibit, and is perhaps second only to California in this respect, while Virginia, New York, Indiana and Connecticut are also big exhibitors. Other fruits are not neglected, and, on the whole, we have reason to be proud of the showing that we make.

It is to be hoped that the agricultural department will be successful in its effort to break down the prejudice against the products of our orchards. It exists because of radically unjust charges made against them. But with such an object lesson as our exhibit it is hard to believe that prejudice and ignorance can last much longer.

Calling for American Coal.

The export of the American bituminous coal to Europe promises to begin with a rush. Already a contract for the delivery of 60,000 tons, mostly intended for use in Germany and Belgium, is reported to have been made. Report says that contracts providing for the shipment of an equal amount monthly will be made shortly—destined for the continent, for the most part, but with some provision for calls from Great Britain.

Russia, too, is looking to America for bituminous coal in large quantities to meet the needs of her imperial transcontinental railways. For some time ahead the prospect that we shall sell to Europe many "black diamonds" from American mines is excellent indeed.

Just the Quaker City's Way.

The pleasing intelligence comes from Philadelphia that the \$100,000 pledged to the national committee by its citizens' Republican committee, to secure the presence of the next national convention in that ancient bailiwick, has been raised at last. It would seem as if it were a difficult matter for the Republicans of the Quaker City to get together this amount, but better late than never, and folks in that town have not the reputation of rushing things, as a rule. But one thing is certain—the vote of Philadelphia and the state of Pennsylvania will be found in the Republican column on election day, as has been its custom since 1856, when its favorite son, James Buchanan, carried it the last time for the national Democracy.

By carefully selecting his words, Mayor Van Wyck of New York spoke at great length to the Boer delegates and managed ably to say nothing. The mayor of New York is considered in New York greater than the president of the United States. This feeling is shared by the mayor.

Paul Kruger will now pull out of Pretoria and establish his government in another town. It hasn't been an hundred years since Great Britain's army was in possession of Washington, D. C.

In the midst of a political convention in Kentucky Governor Taylor buried his head in his hands and wept bitterly. Politics in Kentucky is as intense as a lovers' quarrel.

At Johannesburg the women are serving on the police force in order to let the men join the Boer army. In this way the women who are hysterical and worried can get a little sleep.

When the Republican party puts a thing in its platform that thing is carried out. From homes into the Republican platform, and today the settlers have free homes.

Every Oklahoman has a right to feel joyful, but no man in Oklahoma has the right to tack on to a new-born babe the name Dennis Free Homes, as is suggested in one case.

When President McKinley addressed Dennis Flynn as "Senator," the president unconsciously let out that statehood, in his opinion, is pretty near Oklahoma.

There are still indications that some day, probably within the next three hundred years, Japan will be rash enough to jump on Russia.

Today Oklahoma will bid adieu to the free homes agitator by numerous local ratifications. The question has been uppermost for eight years.

With the relief of Mafeking England will have released all her beleaguered. And thereafter the Boers will be the ones besieged.

Few men are given the privilege, as Dennis Flynn has, of wearing the title "Senator" before getting the office.

Leland's Nod is at last looming up in the Boer war. Buller is headed that way and may meet a cyclone.

If the Boer delegates want to stir up America they will be careful not to specify too much.

Cupid With a Jimmy.

When John Trumbull fell in love with vivacious and sprightly Gertrude Moore, no one would ever have suspected that he was a scholar, a thinker and a settled man of 40. His general actions were those of a youth of 18 undergoing his first case of love. The upshot of it was that when these two became engaged Miss Moore pulled Mr. Trumbull around by his philosophical nose and made him dance to her bidding as suited her capricious and changing moods. Matrimony found the same condition of affairs. Every domestic question was decided by Mrs. Trumbull.

But as the years went by, as the years have a way of doing, Mr. Trumbull gradually awakened to the one-sidedness of affairs. Mrs. Trumbull being selfish and possessing a thirteenth intellect, fancied that it would not do to let Mr. Trumbull know that she was at all fond of him.

But, as said before, a change finally came over John's heart. He still considered that dainty wife of his quite the smartest, cleverest woman in the world, but, aware to say he was becoming aware of her peculiar powers of dictating and laying down the law, John was quiet and inoffensive, and just the kind of a man that offers splendid opportunities for the woman with a will of her own. For a long time Mrs. John did not observe that her husband's substantial admiration was growing thin almost to a shadow. But when she did realize it, the blow was something fearful.

One morning John didn't kiss his wife when he went downtown to business. She moped and wept and scolded the baby and the kitchen maid, and then decided she didn't care. From that time on things went from bad to worse and from worse to even worse than that. Once in a great while when John's old-time vision of love for his wife came up he would take her in his arms and tell her that she was the prettiest thing in the world. Following her old-time tactics, Mrs. John would in return comment on his bad choice of a necktie or let down the pleasant information that his collar was soiled on the edge. John's heart would sink and he'd tramp off to work feeling like an orphan asylum in a derby hat and crumpled trousers.

As it was not John's nature to war against anyone, he simply kept himself out of Mrs. John's way. Sunday afternoon he went out for a walk. Sometimes he went over to the North Side to see an old college chum of his. These trips were his only disquisitions.

One day, Friday afternoon when he and his old friend were discussing some particular exciting college scrimmage that had taken place fifteen years back, the telephone bell rang, and a woman's voice said: "All right, dear, I'll be home in ten minutes." Mrs. Trumbull. He went to the phone.

"Is that you, Gertrude?"

"Yes, John. And won't you come home, please. I have a baby for you."

"Your mother's, and everybody in the building is out and I'm having the fits. I don't know what I'm scared about, but I'm just not going to go."

"All right, dear, I'll be home in ten minutes," said John, and home he went, not stopping long enough to finish up the recollections of the college fight.

At home he found his wife sitting curled up on a little settee looking very much as she had looked when five years before he had begged and entreated her to marry him. She was weeping her handskerchief into little wads and ropes, and he knew by that that she was distracted about something.

"I know you think I'm a silly to feel this way when it's not even twilight yet. But I know positively that somebody tried the kitchen windows while I was lying down, and I just couldn't get over it. I always heard about burglars and ghosts." And then she had a nervous chill.

John said nothing. He took out a copy of Spencer and lighted a cigar. He brought the baby was brought home and put to bed. Mrs. Trumbull had recovered from her nervousness and was peering out from behind a window shade listening to a conversation that was going on in the court.

The servant employed by the family in the past, just below the Trumbulls, was in the act of opposite telling the occupants of that place that she was unable to get into the house.

"I can't turn the key, and if you don't mind, ma'am, I'll go through your window."

The people didn't mind at all. They even held the girl's parasol and pocket-book while she clambered from one window all to the other.

Then came a crash. It was a terrific crash. Had the girl fallen into the court? No. The sounds that came from the floor below were unlike those heard when Hendrick Hudson played dominoes in the Adirondacks. At that point came a shriek, such as the stage heroine gives out when the villain gets after her with a hot iron.

"Mrs. Trumbull waited half a second, then stuck her head out of the window, and with the help of half a dozen other feminine voices called: 'Mary! Mary! What's the matter?'

The reply was a volley of sobs and squeals winding up with: 'The flat's been robbed!'

"John, what you you think? The Smiths' flat has been robbed and there's a burglar in the house. It's been coming through the kitchen window. They even took some Persian rugs and Mrs. Smith's sashkin. And the silver's all gone, and the house-oh, you just ought to see it! It's been done! The things that they've pulled out of the dressers and wardrobes."

John continued to read his Spencer.

"That's too bad," he said. Silence of five minutes.

"John," she spoke very softly. "Yes?" he asked, not looking up from Spencer.

"John, do you know I'd just be scared stiff if you weren't here."

John smiled sadly. "You won't go off on that hunting trip, will you?"

"Well, I'll, I'll," he drawled uncertainly. "I just want to let you know. They mean to come and take me away, and I'll be stuck, or the baby, or my grandmother's set of china. And I'm not a bit afraid when you're here. Honest, I'm not."

John's chest swelled up. This was something new. He threw Spencer on the floor and went and looked at his revolver. Then he tried the dining-room windows. After that he threw his arms up and sobbed then up and sobbed and sobbed until he was hoarse. He was a lad at school.

He walked back and forth through the hall and held his head up high. Then he sat down beside that little tyrant of a wife and looked her in the eyes.

She giggled hysterically and ran her fingers across his mustache, just as she used to do when poor John was so crazy with love for her that she could have pulled out every hair of his head and he'd never have known it.

"Dear," John said softly, "I never knew before that there was any place for me in this house, that I filled any want here. But now I find that I am useful, that I am a burglar-scorer. God bless that man that stole those things down-stairs. It'll be hard on the Smiths, but it's all right."

And they lived happily ever after. Or had for a week, as the burglar only took place that far back—Helen Follett.

It is the same man who enjoys meeting people who put their foot in it.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

Ponca City will hold off ratification of free homes until July 1.

May 17 has become a mighty important date in the history of Oklahoma.

President McKinley was the first man to ever address Dennis Flynn as "Senator Flynn."

The Oklahoman of Oklahoma City is going wild with admiration for men in other states who worked for free homes.

The William Pond Lumber company, headquarters of which are at Wichita, has fifteen yards in Kansas and Oklahoma.

The Democrats and Populists of Payne county are seeking a new name for the fusion forces. They are tired of the title of "Free Silver Party."

There ought to be a ratification of some kind in Oklahoma addressed by Dennis Flynn, with a long telegram of thanks to President McKinley.

So many people in Oklahoma wrote to Washington saying: "I take my pen in hand," that finally McKinley himself got the spirit and took his pen in hand.

Isenberg, of the Elkhart News, never let the party whip dictate the kind of letters his pen should make. He thinks that Dennis ought to be given a big slice of unanimity pie.

The anti-Flynn papers in the territory should take notice that the delegation which was present when McKinley signed the bill was not from South Dakota and not from Minnesota. It was from Oklahoma.

Some of the settlers in Oklahoma proved up because they had to; others proved up because they had no faith in free homes; they are the fellows who are weeping wetness all over everything in sight right now.

The counties in Kansas north of Oklahoma did not get free homes. The land was Indian land and was sold for by the settlers. Part of the mortgage trouble of this part of Kansas grew out of this fact. It is an evil that Oklahoma will now escape.

Sunday last, the day before free homes passed the senate, the Shawnee Democrat said: "It has been decided that congress must adjourn not later than June 15. We fear that the free homes bill will be in the background when congress adjourns, and that it will merely be pending."

Newark Republican: A fire occurred at Kildare last Thursday evening at 4 o'clock, whereby J. H. Stone was burned out—both house and furniture being entirely destroyed. The generous citizens of that thrifty town went to work and immediately secured enough funds to replace Mr. Stone's house on a larger scale. We commend such generous conduct as worthy the example of larger places. The above was formerly the property of Thomas H. Robertson.

The smartest thing politically the opposition in Oklahoma could do would be to make Flynn's election next fall unanimous. But that is what they will not do. Free homes will fill the country offices with Republicans this fall, will make the legislature overwhelmingly Republican, and the only possible defense of the opposition would be to endorse Flynn's nomination and eliminate a congressional campaign in Oklahoma.

A dispatch from Oklahoma City says: Oklahoma City has the honor today of entertaining a distinguished guest, Mr. Yomamoto, of Japan, a man of noble blood and a kinsman and business representative of the noted house of Mitsu, the blue-blooded and wealthiest princes of Japan. Mr. Yomamoto is here to investigate the cotton situation and to appoint a representative and open a branch in Oklahoma City. The distinguished foreigner is highly educated and speaks English like a native. He is the guest, while here, of Messrs. McPherson and Nelson, of the Commerce company.

Along the Kansas Nile.

The state Republican convention in its platform endorsed Senator Baker. Forty-one babies were born in Lone tree township, McPherson county, last year. At the Topeka convention no one was killed, no one injured, and mighty few missing.

In Kansas the fellows who gather in groups and talk politics are called "The Hot Air Club."

El Dorado's new high school building is to be completed the first day of the new century. It will cost over \$25,000. William DeFord of Ottawa, Kansas, has been appointed an assistant secretary at the Kansas Democratic national convention.

Several of the Populist and also the Democratic papers in the Seventh district are not carrying at the top of their columns candidates for congress. They expect the difficulty to be adjusted.

Just at present Kansas is going wild over the Belgian hare industry. With what intensity Kansas jumps into a thing when she fancies it. A Lawrence Kansas hare club has been organized.

An Atchison Republican asserts that the Republican convention at Topeka Wednesday had more resemblance in its workings to a Democratic convention than any Republican convention ever held in Kansas before.

An Abilene woman at a banquet proposed the following toast: Women, they have many faults, and men have only one. Everything they say. And everything they do.

There are politicians in Kansas who believe that if Cy Leland were thrown out of a five-story building onto a rock pavement below, he, while going, would arrange with the pavement to be soft in the place just below him.

Speaking of St. Bristow's assignment to Cuba, Charles Stetson says: "It is beautiful to behold the increasing frequency with which the Goddess of Liberty lays her troubled head upon the broad shoulders of the sons of Kansas."

Governor Stanley has come out straight for Albaugh for state chairman. He says he will head the ticket; if he wins he will carry the ticket with him; if he is defeated he will carry the ticket to the state chairman should be paramount.

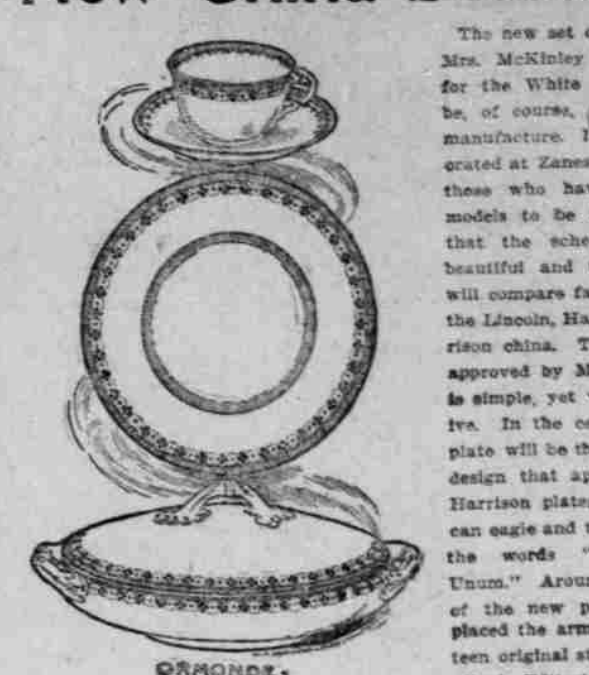
There is a quarrel among the officers who captured Estelle in Lyon county, over which man is entitled to the reward, and as a way to settle the quarrel some one suggests that the reward be turned over to Mrs. Roberts, the widow of the officer Estelle shot and killed.

A girl at West Fork, Arkansas, signed her name to a note and placed it in a strawberry box which reached Arkansas City, Kansas, and was found by a man who has been married fifteen years. The note read: "Hello to the one who gets this box of berries. I am working in the shed and waiting for some one to bring in more berries. I thought I would write to somebody. If a young man gets this and wants to know who I am, write to me."

Miss Elsie Reasner, a Leavenworth young woman, "the only woman correspondent in Cuba during the war," was recently written up by the New York paper as a heroine who would die for her knees to get news. Another New York paper now comes out and says that Miss Reasner was not successful at gathering news, was and in Cuba, lost at Kingston, Jamaica, and made herself the subject of ridicule by the loudness of her attire and the frequency with which she changed dresses.

J. M. Hagaman, the Concordia editor who left some time ago for Cape Nome with an old prospecting named Wallace, writes to N. P. Bonawit, his assistant in Atchison, Kan., this date May 17 from Seattle. Hagaman and Wallace have the most original gold mining outfit ever gotten up. They have made a compass out of Seattle and packed a month's provisions in it. In the same boat is a machine designated to extract

Mrs. McKinley's New China Set....



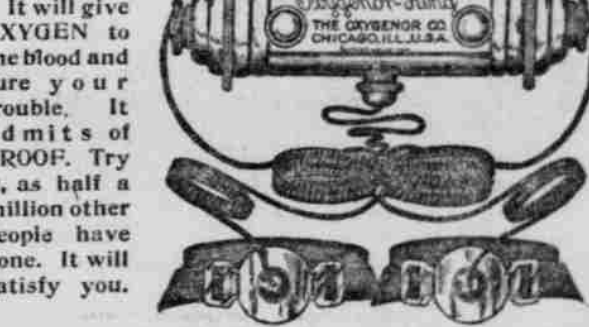
We handle the same goods, made at the same place. The difference is in the decorations only.

J. E. CALDWELL, 130 N. Main.

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Because the "disease soil" does not receive enough Oxygen to "burn" it and carry it away, and the millions of "germs" we breathe every day, take root in this soil and grow. This is disease, no matter what outward form it may assume. All that is necessary to eradicate and prevent disease, is to get the blood pure and keep it pure. All medicine ever given is with a purpose to destroy these "germs" and give Nature a chance to assert itself. Medicine never cures. The most that drugs can do for you is to destroy the "germs." Nature always effects the cure. Very few people live up to the possibilities they have within them; it has become a habit with them to do otherwise—therefore they get sick. Nature furnishes us with a "free" remedy for all sickness. It is Oxygen. While drugs sometimes give temporary relief, we insist that it is only temporary, and the "germ" destroyer used in one case, cannot be used in another. Here is Nature's remedy for all ills.

The Perfected Oxygenor King



It will give OXYGEN to the blood and cure your trouble. It admits of PROOF. Try it, as half a million other people have done. It will satisfy you.

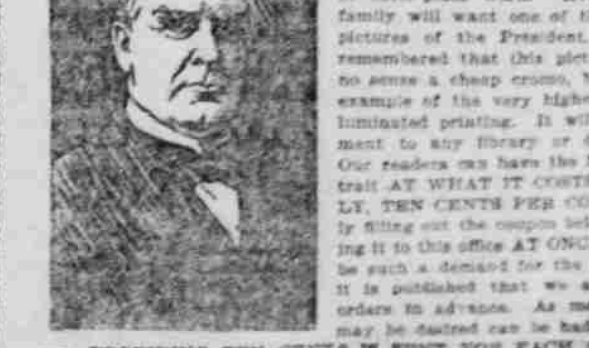
We have no "graft" to work on you; no "dollar-a-shot" plan to entice you; not "here today and gone tomorrow," but we are here to stay and demonstrate these facts to you and rest assured in the confidence that you will, if you will investigate it fully, admit (as thousands have already done) that it is the best property you ever bought for \$25. It treats "cause" and for that reason has control over all diseases. Thousands die every year whose lives could be saved by the Oxygenor. If you know of a "test" case, either acute or chronic, and will call and let us know of it, we will arrange to furnish an Oxygenor, free of charge. You take no risk whatever. The instrument will do what is claimed for it.

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The Man of the Hour... A Magnificent Portrait of President McKinley

Reproduced in Ten Colors from a Late Photograph, for which the President Specialty Sat, at the request of this Publishers (Size 14x21 inches).



will be published by us about June 1. It is now being printed on heavy plate paper, in form suitable for framing, by one of the largest art lithograph houses in America. In the famous French style of color-plate work. Every American family will want one of these handsome pictures of the President. It must be remembered that this picture will be in no sense a cheap crude, but will be an example of the very highest style of illuminated printing. It will be an ornament to any library or drawing room. Our readers can have the McKinley portrait AT WHATEVER PRICE (NAME) BY TEN CENTS PER COPY by merely filling out the coupon below and sending it to this office AT ONCE. There will be such a demand for the portrait when it is published that we advise sending orders in advance. As many copies as may be desired can be had on one coupon. PROVIDING TEN CENTS IN EXACT FOR EACH COPY. Write name and address plainly, and remit in coin or postage stamps.

To WICHITA EAGLE, Wichita, Kans.: For the enclosed remittance of _____ cents send me _____ copies of President McKinley's portrait in colors as described in today's paper. Name _____ Address _____ Date _____

the gold from the sand along the river and in the lake. This boat will be transported to Cape Nome and will be used up there or hauled to take an expedition to the camp of the prospectors. Hagaman writes that he is absolutely certain of making his money by the use of the interior.